

The Tragedie

In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe ?

This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkeſt thou not.

Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſheweth*
This found I one my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

Lockey of Norfolk, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.

King. A thing deuifed by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that cowards vie,
Deuiſe as firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſciences, our ſwords our lawe.

March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd, *to his army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,

A ſort of vababonds, Raſcols, and run-awayes,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe lackey peſants,
Whome their ore cloyed cuntry vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures and aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe they bring you to vnreſt :
You hauing lands, and bleſt with beautious wiues,
They would reſtaine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow ?

Long kept in Brittain at our mothers coſt,
A milke-ſop one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhoes in ſnow :
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of *France*,
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themſelues.

If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands, lie with our wiues ?
Rauifh our daughters, harke I heare there drum,

of Richard the Third.

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to the head,
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues,
What ſaies Lord Stanley will he bring his power ?

Meſ. My Lord he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his ſonne *Georges* head.

Nor. My Lord the enemy is paſt the marſh,
After the battell let *George Stanley* die.

King. A thouſand hearts are great with in my boſome,
Aduance our ſtandards, ſet vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inſpire vs with the ſpeene of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them, victory fits one our helpeſ.

Alarum excuſions, Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcew my Lord of *Norfolke*, reſcew reſcew,
The King enactes more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger,
His horſe is ſlaine, and all one foote he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Reſcew, faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt. *Enter Richard*

King. A horſe, a horſe my Kingdome for a horſe.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horſe.

King. Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be fixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day inſtead of him.
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe:

Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is
ſlaine then retreat being ſounded. Enter Richmond. Darby
bearing the Crowne with other Lords.

Rich. God and your arme be praifed victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Courageous Richmond, well haſt thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long vſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes with all,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heanen ſay Amen to all,

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